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—Because good building is slow and a shoddy crocker is not necessarily a builder.

—No man was ever so mean that he could not give advice.—*New York News*. Well, go on: what were you going to say?—*Washington Post*.

—From a Belgian newspaper: A young man who proposes to marry with no money, no position, no inheritance and no experience who will disuade him from attempt. Address Z. Z., post-office.

—"Do you believe in faith cure?"

—"No." "But I understand your method in-law was cured of a long-standing complaint through this method." "I am thankful, but I don't believe in them."—*Tid-Bits*.

—A solemn, gray-haired old man came in town one day this week and said the fish in the Stour river were on the banks fawning themselves with their tails. "Nonsense!" seemed to cry them.—*Edinburgh Bell*.

—The girl who never screams.

With her calm, cool, collected

where she aimed with the rolling eye—*Yes, Y. Independent*—and the girls, there used to be spiritual dums? Well, there are no more of those. But the girls are no longer so voracious devotees." "But they are the same fearful and wonderful people," said the girl, "and I have seen three or four of 'em—*Burdette* and—"
—A Very Thoughtful Woman
—I went home the other night and found my husband in a little trouble he managed to get entrance through a back window and was sitting on the floor, reading his wife's note from his wife, reading—"I went out. You will find the key on the table."
—The sweet pea is now fashion. It has not the gaudy, looming beauty of the snowflake, and he looks the better for it. It is a little like the rose, but as a dollar-jockey to the Jacquinet rose the sweet-pea is nowhere, but, as a dollar-jockey to the Jacquinet rose, a back yard and your first girl, will hate down her back in two broad swaths of white.
—The royal sequence of the boyish pen
Philadelphia Times
—An Englishman, calling at the Hotel de Ville, said to Mr. L.J. —who had never been abroad—

"Great difference," he said. "great d

[illegible]

os with him?"

"'An' was he in his war paint
and his name like Rolling
Thunder or White Wind?"

"No, I guess he hadn't a name
yet. He was a young fellow
from the town, and his name was
Thunder; we always called him
Sagoyewung."

"But was he a real Indian?"

"Pure quality; guess none of 'em
so."

"But he was surely on the war
path, wasn't he? Methinks I see him
standing on the brow of a night
wind, his face and his knees
all fully below, where his father
and a strange, fierce sadness
were in his face and he kneels
and makes this fearful vow:
Chieftain Manitou of the Cher-
okees—

"No, miss, you're away off.
Smith was that kind of a man;
he was a white fellow, and he
wasn't on his son's
son's drug store, trying to work
for a snifter at the local whis-
peration case." *—Louis Whipple*

Why He Bought a Revolver

"'Heard you've been out on
Gambler?"

"Yes. I spent the best part of
my setting on a wet rock and holding
myself steady."

Memorable Incident 11

believe it, every time I pulled out one afternoon my bait was gone. I felt like asking the railroad men for a money back.

"Yes, I should think you were. You were entitled to a re-bait how."

Gadsby has traded off his fishing kit for a nickel-plated revolver, *chant Trader*.

—A new sewing-machine, said excellent work, has been brought England, and is meeting with an unusual sale. It is the invention German. It makes a perfect lock is only eight inches wide, and one in thickness. It contains no valves is fastened to a table by means of a clamp. It sells for 125 shillings and sixty-two cents. As it can be in a small box it can be carried in a pocket.

A dark, vertical, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a piece of paper, showing signs of wear and discoloration. The texture is grainy and uneven, with some lighter patches and darker areas. There are some small, dark spots and a few faint, horizontal lines visible. The overall appearance is aged and worn.